

cause or another, like the forest which  
burns from a  
spark born in its own bosom. Similarly of  
life. Life  
subsists on life and brings forth life. Where  
is death?  
Know that selfishness is the true death in  
the world.

As a true Virasaiva, Sarvajna does not  
believe  
in caste. The *yogi* has no caste, the wise  
man is not  
self-willed; the sky does not rest on pillars  
and rafters  
and there are no slums in heaven for the  
depressed.

One is the earth on which men tread; one is  
the water  
which all men drink ; one is the fire which  
burns for  
all. Whence then come caste and sect  
amongst men?  
Is the light in the house of the man of low  
caste low?  
Say not well-born and out-caste. He on  
whom God's  
mercy alights, he is well-born. The  
arguments against  
caste can perhaps not be summed up  
better.

Sarvajna is a master of a fine humour.  
The fol-  
lowing aphorisms illustrate it. Say not that  
the gold-  
smith's boy is young; like the flea which  
bites how-  
ever small, he will steal as soon as he  
begins to work.  
It is right to say that the oil-miller knows  
not God;  
for if Siva should come down to earth the  
miller will  
get him to drive the mill for some time.  
My lover  
likes not fine clothes, nor good rice ; he  
likes not  
ginger nor curds ; for why does not he like  
them ?  
because he has not got them. To quarrel  
with the  
head of your village, to hold secret  
converse with a  
deaf person and a fool teaching a wiser

than himself,  
is like a man feeling hungry and rising  
and eating  
husk. The mind of the saint wearing deer-  
skin for  
clothing and thin from fasting and sitting  
amidst rocks  
for meditation is all in women. Say not of  
your be-  
loved, what beautiful curls, what angelic  
form, how